

CHICKASHA DAILY EXPRESS

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"TOO MUCH LEGISLATION."

"The country is suffering from too much legislation," said Senator Weeks in his speech at Oklahoma City the other day. It seems like we have heard that before some place. At any rate, we feel sure that the distinguished senator cannot claim it as an original discovery.

As a generality, the statement is one calculated to appeal to the minds of many people, but when reduced to specific terms what the senator really had in view was the legislation that is designed to regulate "big business," which was permitted to run at large, doing as it pleased for so many years.

It may be admitted that not all the regulatory measures enacted have been effective, but that does not imply that it is time to turn backward, giving up the task as hopeless. The voice of the senator from Massachusetts is that of the reactionary. The problem of controlling "big business" constantly becomes larger and statesmen cannot confront it in the manner in which the ostrich is said to face its enemy, the method of hiding its head in the sand.

The cry of "too much legislation" comes from those interests that are pining to be turned loose as they were in the good old days when robbers, railroad looting and other crimes of the kind came into fashion. It was Colonel Roosevelt, we believe, who reached the conclusion some years ago that the time had come when "we must shackle greed as we have already shackled cunning," and the progressive sentiment of the nation still stands back of that statement.

If existing laws prove inadequate, as they doubtless will, we must have not less but more legislation, and what the country calls for is the statesman who is wise enough to work out the constructive measures that will do the business. The people are in no mood to backpedal, as Senator Weeks suggests.

One of our big contemporaries at Oklahoma City has been shouting in large red headlines to the folks over there to "trade at home." That this is downright good advice, there can be no question. Also, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." If the "trade-at-home" policy is good for Oklahoma City, it is also good for Chickasha. The people of Oklahoma City knew that they can't contribute anything toward the building up of their own town when they are chasing off to Kansas City or elsewhere to do their trading, and it must be clear to anybody who takes the trouble to think at all that Chickasha cannot prosper as she should as long as our people are turning loose in other towns money that should go into the channels of local trade.

Over at McAlester they have launched a movement for an inter-county bridge across the Canadian river in order to place that section of the country on a great highway that is being projected across the state. It is proposed that Pittsburgh and McIntosh counties join in the movement for the mutual benefits that may be derived from it. The plan calls for the purchase of the Katy railroad bridge which cost about \$50,000, the two counties joining in bearing the expense. Canadian and Grady counties have a similar enterprise on foot and even though it will require considerable outlay of money, we believe it will pay us to carry it out now and thus put ourselves in a position to begin to derive benefits from it at once.

It is plain that the G. O. P. is planning to put into the practice the doctrine of "benevolent assimilation" on the Progressive, but it is still a serious question whether T. R. and his devoted followers will stand for the operation. Big Moose Leaders like Victor Murdock are in no mood to surrender to the old gang, but declare that the Progressive aim will be hanging out completely in the end.

With hosts of Austrians, Germans and Hungarians pouring across her border, at this distance it looks very much like little Serbia stands a good chance to be wiped off the map unless her big allies rush to her rescue. Since the Serbs are credited with having started the whole row, it isn't likely that the Teutonic allies will overlook any bats in dealing with them "a la" the mangled list.

EXPRESS PACKETTES.

And Old Summer still is sitting
In the lap of sweet Miss Fall,
But I guess he'll soon be flitting
When Cap. Winter calls "play ball!"

However, most of the excuses for being late at church were worn thread-bare long ago.

But the mere fact that a woman belongs to a bridge club is no sign that she is a large consumer of classic literature.

St. Simps says he notices that his sister Sally always looks more fixy when she is dressed up in her Sunday clothes.

The corn shucks and the goose bone have been examined, and it is found that the winter will be colder than the summer.

"There is a man over at Skeeter-bite," said H. E. Gossip, "who can talk more and say less than any man in the county."

Still, it would be less confusing if the papers would print at least two pictures of Mrs. Galt, that look something alike.

Sam Pack volunteers the important information that the "Spider" girl is not really all head. He says he saw her on the street and he knows that she is built after the regulation pattern.

"By Heck, but it makes me tired to listen to people talk about their auto at a social gathering," said city Plunkins. "It is about as tiresome as to listen to a recital of an operation for appendicitis."

It seems that the preacher who drives the yellow car just can't keep out of the limelight. This time he got into print because he invited some friends to ride to town, and after cranking the thing till he was out of breath discovered that his gas tank was empty.

Late wireless advices are to the effect that as a result of his recent story telling stunts, Jim Robinson is not only in bad with the P. H. & C. L. club, but is also facing domestic complications. Mrs. Packagetter takes the view that Jim's better three-fourths would be justified in cleaning up on the whole Express push.

SCRIPTURE.

Psalm 1.
Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
But his delight is in the law of the Lord: and in his law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither: and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

JUST A SABBATH THOUGHT.

When the sermon's long and dreary
And the preacher ne'er grows weary
Of the fifthlines and the sixthlines of
the points he's driving home,
Then a fellow sits a-nodding,
While his snooty eyes keep closing
and his head a-bob, bob, bobbing.
As he fondly dreams of dinner with
fried chicken, crisp and tender,
That will follow with the end, air,
Of the sermon, dry and long.
And he thrills with deep emotion,
Agitations, like the ocean,
Where the breezes of the morning,
with a rhythm, sob and moan—
Chase, with many a throb and quiver,
With a pulsing thrill and shiver,
Through his system and his stomach,
as he longs for "home, sweet home."

—GEORGE H. WYATT.

JUST A THOUGHT

ERE THE DAY IS GONE,

Gracious Manners.

The charm of gracious manners and consideration for other human beings is a quality that develops rapidly if given half a chance. The woman who is always kind creates an atmosphere of loveliness that is like a halo about her head. If you are naturally shy and reticent, it is all the more necessary that you should endeavor to shine a bit. It is not lack of pleasant thoughts that worries the self-conscious, but the fear of giving expression to them. You must try to make yourself companionable to others.

A STOLEN SMILE TWO.

Uncle Eben.
"Allus speak de truth," said Uncle Eben, "but befo' you stahs in, make sure dat de particular truth dat's on yob mind happens to be any of yob business."

Showing His Ignorance.
"What on earth are you doing?" demanded the indignant dining-car conductor of the novice waiter: "serving soup on a straight track? Why don't you wait till we strike a curve? You don't know the first principles of rail-roading."—Puck.

That Ought to Cure Her.
A man out West, who married a widow, has invented a device to cure her of eternally praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to decant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor, dear man! How I do wish he had not died!"

WORTH REMEMBERING

Never display money openly in the street or in any other public place.

Never leave any money or jewelry in a room with a window opening on a porch.

Never take a servant into your home without references, and always verify the references.

Never ask for information while on a journey except from uniformed officials of the railway or steamship company.

Never start out on a journey to a strange town without previous information about a safe place to stay overnight.

Never answer an advertisement in person in a strange town without first thoroughly investigating the employer or agency.

WISE OR OTHERWISE

But many a fair woman is unfair.

Fast mules often have loose hind legs.

When lawyers disagree it's up to the jury.

A bad egg is at its worst in any kind of situation.

To prove that a sure thing isn't sure, play it to win.

Gain a woman's sympathy and her love is easily won.

The henpecked husband should resign that he isn't a Mormon.

And many a long ancestral line has a slip noose at one end of it.

A lot of men are unable to recognize good luck when they meet it.

A trickster is merely a man who gets the best of a trade with you.

TEMPERAMENT

By FRANK FILSON.

"And we can't wait!"
Those words of Marvin's rang in Allison's ears and seemed to set themselves to the ghastly tune that the train wheels made in their revolution. "And we can't wait!" The wheels hummed it and screeched it, and every sound of nature seemed to play an infernal treble to that unending bass.

They were the last words that Marvin had said to Allison when he bade her au revoir upon the platform of the station at the edge of the sleepy little country town.

She knew that he was a married man. So much she had been told by a woman of the company, jealous of Marvin, the simple girl imagined. Allison had been horror-stricken, and all her friends' advice against actors had recurred to her.

Marvin admitted it. He pleaded his great love for her. His wife had left him years before, he said. She had lived a life unknown to him, and he could only guess at some of its episodes. Recently she had become insane and had been confined in an asylum. There was no chance that she would ever recover her mind. In a year, or two at most, he would be free. Then they could marry.

"And we can't wait!" he ended, as she train came in.

Allison was running away. She was to meet Marvin at the metropolis terminus of the line. Thenceforward their lives would always be together. Allison knew that Marvin's last words had been true. She loved him with every breath of her being. She could



What Was She Saying About Marvin?

not wait. She wanted to be with him, to minister to him always, never to leave his side.

"You will be my life and my inspiration," he had said to her.

The wheels clacked out that message too. "You will be—my inspiration and—my life," they said. They roared it in her ears above the beating of her heart. The little country town already lay ten miles behind her, the metropolis less than three hours' journey away. At the end Marvin would be waiting for her. She shivered at the delicious thought. Her friends, the old mother whom she had told that she was going to spend a day or two with a friend—all had passed from her mind but Marvin.

The little woman in the seat across the aisle was crying. Allison had noticed that she seemed in distress, but now the grief had apparently grown unendurable. With her handkerchief to her eyes she was sobbing in a heartbroken way. She was about five and twenty, Allison thought. She was pretty in a rather commonplace way, with her childish blue eyes, now red from weeping, and her wealth of flaxen hair. Allison moved over to her side; it was unbearable that anyone should be unhappy when happiness filled her whole heart.

"Can I do anything for you?" she asked timidly.

The little woman looked up in a startled way. "No thank you," she answered, dabbing at her eyes in a furtive manner. She smiled wanly. "I expected to meet my husband at Bridgeport," she explained. "But he has gone on ahead of me, although he told me that the company would leave today."

"The company left yesterday—you mean the theatrical company?" stammered Allison.

"Yes, Marvin—"

What was she saying about Marvin? Allison was conscious that she was staring at the little woman and making a supreme effort not to display the anger raging in her heart. So this was Marvin's wife! But how about the asylum? Perhaps she had escaped was dangerously mad—a hundred thoughts flitted through her heart.

"I love him," the little woman was saying. "I am sure he is the best husband in the world. It broke my heart last spring when we had to take parts in separate companies. We had always been together, you know."

"Marvin loves me as much as I love him. We never separated for more than a day or so until April. Then he had to accept an offer with the Boyce people because of the baby. I left her with his sister."

"Marvin Gordon is your husband?" stammered Allison, conscious of a sudden darkness shutting off the golden glimpse of heaven that had opened before her.

"Why, I thought I had explained that," wept the little woman. "He is weak, like all men, but he means well. Only I knew that the first sight of a pretty face would throw him off his balance. He has the artistic temperament, you know."

"Well, we stranded in Bridgeport, and I had enough money left to take me to New York. I thought I would stop off at Bridgeport on the way and see my husband. I wired him, and he wired back that they would not be leaving until today. But when I reached Bridgeport they had gone yesterday."

There was a woman there who had known Marvin. She happened to be at the station, and we recognized each other immediately. And she told me the most terrible things about my husband. She said there was a girl in Bridgeport whom he was always seen with, and it was suspected that she wasn't all she ought to be. And you can guess how that hurt me."

"Yes," said Allison, looking at the woman as if in a dream. "Yes, it must have."

"So I was afraid something was in the wind. Once Marvin did something terrible. He ran away with a girl—that was before I married him. She proved to have been married, later, and it saved him. But he has the artistic temperament, and he can't resist a pretty face."

"Why don't you get a divorce?" demanded Allison.

The woman looked at her indignantly. "Divorce?" she exclaimed angrily. "What for? Aren't all men who have his temperament the same? Isn't it a case of soon in love, soon over? All that's troubling me is whether Marvin got my wire to meet me at the terminal station."

Allison leaned forward and looked earnestly at the little woman. She felt at that moment that she hated her not less, but now, added to that, was an immeasurable hatred of Marvin, of herself, of this love that had tricked her.

"I think he'll meet you," said Allison.

The little woman looked at her hopefully. "Do you think so?" she asked. "Maybe, then, all that talk about his planning to elope with that girl up at Bridgeport was just a jealous woman's spite."

"I guess so," said Allison.

"Are you going on to New York? Why, you look quite tired out, my dear. I hope the long journey won't be too much for you."

"No," answered Allison. "I'm getting out here. This is Newton, isn't it?" she continued, as the train began to slow down. "Yes—this is my destination. But I feel that you'll meet Marvin at New York. Just see if you don't. And tell him about our meeting. Say Miss Clements was on the train. You see, I know your husband slightly, and I heard all about that gossip at Bridgeport, and there isn't a word of truth in it."

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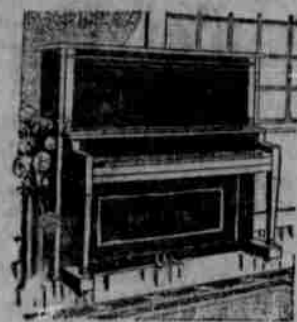
WORK OF PERSIAN PAINTERS

Art That is Altogether Different From That of the Masters Europe Knows.

No dramatic, no passionate motive ever so grips and possesses a Persian artist as to absorb his whole imagination. His sensuous love of beauty cannot resist filling in the accessories of the scene with just as much care and attention to every detail as he devotes to the central figures. In the great works of Chinese and Japanese painters, as in masters like Rembrandt, accessories are subdued or suppressed, the color is limited, and the figures which create the motive of the design are so emphasized, so dominant in the eye, that they seem to transcend the limits of the framing space, they seem alive with all the latent energies of actual men and women. No Persian painting imposes itself thus on the imagination. Everything remains within the frame, inlaid as in a lustrous mosaic. The Persian method has, it is true, its own compensations. Just as in the early pictures of Rossetti and Millais, everything is realized with a dreamlike vision; and this is always a real achievement for the painter. The freshness and glory thus brought to the eye, as of a world washed clean with every object magically distinct and burning with clear color, make a vivid impression of strangeness. Strangeness, remoteness from the routine of every day—that is the essence of romance, and no art in the world is more steeped in romance than the painting of Persia—Laurence Binion, in the Atlantic.

Tubes instead of bells for chimneys came into use in England half a century ago for three reasons: They have a mellow, more musical tone, they take up much less space than bells and they weigh much less. The tubes at the Burke foundation, according to the Self-Winding Clock company, which installed them, are approximately of these dimensions: Longest, ten feet six inches; shortest, six feet four inches; diameter, four and one-half inches; wall of the tubes, about half an inch thick. One of the tubes is solely to strike the hour.

The Requirements.
Said She—It requires money to get into society nowadays.
Said He—Yes, and it requires brains to keep out of it.



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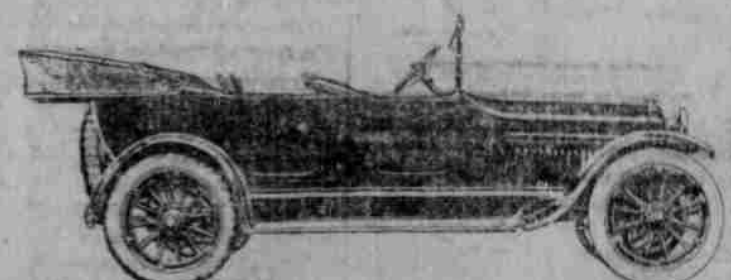
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